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The Governor Must Select the Food Commissioners.

No food conservation law that proposed to set up an administrative department independent of the State Executive and removed from the Governor's control would produce satisfactory results. To attain the ends required by our situation the operations of a commission charged with the difficult and complicated task of protecting producers, distributors and consumers of foods must be coordinated with the activities of a number of other State instrumentalities. Consequently the Governor should select and appoint the men on whom responsibility is to rest. The attempt to name them in the statute creating the commission is unsound in theory and cannot be justified in experience. Should the Legislature persist in its plan for the creation of a commission selected by the method it now puts forward it will be not only the right of the Governor but his duty to veto the bill and demand from the lawmakers another in which provision shall be made for a body to be named in the proper way.

Governor WHITMAN has already made clear his opposition to the scheme that has issued from the legislative hall. He will kill the bill if it comes before him in its present form, and in so doing he will act in accordance with the dictates of intelligence and the wishes of the citizens of a New State.

A New Submarine Terror.

There is only too much reason to believe that the Captain of the German submarine that sank the steamship *Belgian Prince* acted upon orders when he smashed all the lifeboats, took forty-one members of the crew on his deck, and steaming away far enough to be free of all wreckage that might support them, submerged, leaving them to drown.

The case is not unique. The rapidly growing German record of sheer murderous brutality already bears numerous such crimes, although the number of men ruthlessly slaughtered in this instance exceeds anything hitherto recorded. It had been thought that the normal Prussian zeal for cowardly slaughter explained these murders, but this latest one suggests a more official reason.

It is apparent that the terror which Germany strives to spread among her submarine warfare would be enhanced if it became generally known that no mercy, only instant murder, awaits the crews of ships, even neutral ships, that encounter a submarine. If one after another ships silently disappear from the surface of the sea leaving no survivor to tell the story of their end it may become increasingly difficult to get crews. This possible result may impel Germany to order submarine captains to commit acts of wholesale murder, for which they need little encouragement.

This form of campaign ought not to stimulate any further talk about "peace without victory" and the like pacifist sentimentalities. Man eating tigers are subdued only by death.

Sammy or Something Else?

What shall we call our soldiers for short? Many men of many minds, several of whom have favored *Sax* with their ideas on this subject, are in a state of nervous agitation concerning the suggestion to call them "Sammys." This appellation is by some deemed to be undignified and therefore unsuitable; others retort that you do not look for dignity in a nickname, and that it is enough if the name arouses enthusiasm and is acceptable to the men themselves.

May we not venture, in Presidential phrase, to suggest that this bitter worry is useless? Nicknames, like poets are born, not made. They come out of chaos, and they live and grow or fall on stony ground and perish, in conformity with psychological and philological laws that we know very little about. No amount of argument or insistence can compel their acceptance, and objections apparently the most valid often fail to bring about their rejection. The one essential is that they must appear forcibly to the popular imagination.

Much heavy thought has been wasted in efforts to ascertain and determine why certain nicknames have taken such a hold on the people. Uncle *SAM* is not a dignified term of endearment; and yet the figure which has come to be associated with it since this country concluded to defend itself against German aggression is certainly not lacking in dignity and in some instances is actually heroic. Everything depends on what the nickname stands for. What does it bring to mind when people utter it or hear it uttered?

The right nickname for the American soldier in France will come of itself. Let the soldier be what he is. Let him be—manly, brave, obedient and courteous—and those who are associated with him in camp, on the march or in the trenches will soon find out what to call him.

No matter how the name sounds, we feel pretty sure that its meaning will imply confidence at first—and after a little fighting, praise.

Certain Anti-Draft "Outbreaks."

It is the immediate duty of the Federal authorities to investigate two incidents of the disorderly opposition to the enforcement of the draft which has been reported as existing in several States.

First, the origin and object of the outbreaks must be determined for the purpose of disclosing its leading spirits and bringing them to justice.

Secondly, the process by which exaggerated and overblown accounts of these occurrences are concocted and disseminated throughout the nation, and the individuals who promote their circulation, must be disclosed. Wherever it is found that the Federal statutes have been violated in these transactions, prosecutions must be pushed vigorously against the authors and the distributors of the falsehoods, the purpose of which is to fill the public in this country with distrust and to give cheer to our enemies abroad.

In the United States we know that the draft is proceeding in the most satisfactory possible manner, the opposition to it being inconsequential and generally expressed in lawful and proper form. But when it is reported in Germany that marching men protesting against the law are terrorizing large portions of certain States, the interpretation most desired by Prussia will be put upon the news and a population trained to accept as authentic the official announcements of an unscrupulous Government will be heartened to a degree beyond our simplicity to comprehend.

The Ideal Summer Resort.

For some time the attributes of summer resorts have been a subject of interest to us, and doubtless to many of our readers, even those who may never have seen one. Some people contend they never have. Their notion of a summer resort is a kind of inversion of childhood's motto. Children, it used to be said, should be seen but not heard. Summer resorts, say the sitters in the seats of the scornful, the rocking chairs on a thousand verandas, summer resorts should be heard but not seen. Well, they are usually audible.

The ocean, in ordinary times, makes an ideal residence six months in the year, from May 1 to November 1, though of course not in the vicinities of the Newfoundland banks, where icebergs drift noiselessly down from the Arctic. Some day when peace is restored, including peace between the advocates of steel and wooden ships, our oceans will come into their own as a recreation ground. The Pacific, being larger than the Atlantic, will attract greater crowds, unless insurmountable fashion pronounces the Atlantic the Newport of the waves, in which case the Atlantic will be too crowded for comfort. But fashion is equally likely to declare in favor of the blistering Red Sea. Then the Red Sea will be thronged. Brown bodied pilgrims to Mecca will pack the rails and gaze with heathen wonder at the sight of stylish young women wearing their summer furs in July with the thermometer at 100 and pitch boiling out of the deck seams.

Then will Papa awake in the morning by the ocean's edge and take a dawn bath in the sounding sea. Some time after he has alighted to town the great hotel where he slumbered swept by ocean breezes will be set upon by one of these wrecking companies which demolish skyscrapers in three hours and thirty minutes. Out of the dissolved fabric a firm of contractors will build an artistic cottage. This will be shipped in sections to the sylvan dell where Papa heads for lunch. To Mamma and the Oldest Daughter sufficient time will be given for a suitable change from pongee to Georgette crepe.

After Papa has lunched and sat for a half hour peacefully smoking in a cool grove where a well fed waterfall soothes his tired nerves, the farmhouse will vanish and a villa with a dancing floor will take its place. For Mamma has invitations out. The Oldest Daughter must make her debut that night, and gosh, how she dreads it!

The villa will last just long enough for an agreeable time to be had by all. Then it will give way to a steam yacht, all coated and shining white—a good place for the night's repose. The name of the yacht will be, naturally, the Presto Change.

But all that's in the future. What of the summer resorts of to-day? We hear a derisive echo, "Yes, what of them?" A good deal, we should say, for while each presents admirable features we have never found a single one which seemed to combine all those attractions necessary to approximate the ideal.

There are summer resorts which have boardwalks and those which have splendid roads for motoring. One offers yachting, golf, polo, tennis, bathing; another boasts of mountain climbing, splendid scenery and symphony concerts in addition; a third rejects all these grandeur in favor of repose, drowsing beds, flowers, the scent of freshly cut hay and home cooking. All these things are desirable, but they do not comprise the

quintessential extract which is necessary, requisite and indispensable in the resort of perfection's day.

It is doubtless a notable achievement to have 100,000 persons in bathing at the same time, all visible from the boardwalk in front of the Roxborough-Yaphank. Safety first does indeed dictate that scenic railways and golf courses be equipped with block signal systems. The Society for the Suppression of Unnecessary Noise may require babies, automobiles and the rifles used in the shooting galleries to be equipped with silencers. The Board of Health may decree that old oaken buckets must be individual and sanitary. These stages in the evolution of the ideal summer resort are to be taken for granted, just as it is to be taken for granted that all people who visit the resort "pass" a few hours, days or weeks there. We know that they must under no circumstances be referred to as "spending" some time at the place, it being understood that the only thing a person can spend at a summer resort is money.

The awful cynicism of that last circumstance should in itself disclose the ideal toward which we are slowly tending. Some day when a disordered world can take up the matter in a committee of the whole we shall see a summer resort consisting exclusively of a lake, a sea shore, a mountain or a plain and a pair of lovers. Upon this impressionistic scene there will shine down, every night all summer, a full and aquiescent moon.

The Return of the Mission to Russia.

The feeling first evoked by the landing in their own country of Mr. Ror and his associates is one of profound gratitude for their safety. Their mission to Russia was carried out in a period of turmoil in that country, in which the enemies of Russia and of the United States have been continuously active. The opportunity for outrage against the persons of the American commissioners was ever present. Their escape from injury reflects credit on their official protectors, and discloses the good disposition which is characteristic of the Russian people themselves.

But the return of the mission is more than a mere homecoming of distinguished citizens who in their adventures have augmented their reputations and given their countrymen further cause for pride. They will perform the practical and essential task of enlightening us on the situation of the new democracy. By their first hand correction of distorted or false reports they will relieve many American misconceptions that have grown up in the minds, and furnish a solid basis for judgment of Russian political affairs.

More than this: the experiences Russia is undergoing will be of great value in teaching the United States to adapt itself to meet the onslaughts of Prussian agitators and spies. Mr. RUSSELL, the Socialist member of the mission, and Mr. DUNCAN, of the Federation of Labor, have already begun the instruction of America with regard to the practices of Prussian agents in Russia. What they tell of the Government and the people will assist the authorities and private citizens alike in combating the insidious and harmful propaganda that notoriously flourishes here, and in opposing which we are handicapped by ignorance and by ignorance of the weapons autocracy uses to crush democracy.

Our Interest in the Captured German Colonies.

One of the questions upon which the Japanese mission to this country will endeavor to reach an understanding with the United States is that regarding the future ownership of the Pacific Islands taken by the Allies from Germany in the present war. This would mean an expression upon the broader question of the disposition of the captured German colonies upon which our Government has not yet declared its position.

Of the once great German colonial possessions there remains but a small slice of German East Africa swamp land in which a force of British, Portuguese and Belgians have surrounded the remnants of the German colonial army. All of the other German colonies in Africa and Asia and the German islands in the Pacific have been held by some one of the allied Powers for periods ranging from one to almost three years.

What is to be done with these possessions? In Great Britain, which is largely interested on account of her own extensive colonial possessions, the Asquith Government was opposed to the increase of British colonial territory in Africa. The Lloyd George Government, however, favored the extension, as in line with the aspirations of the British colonies in Africa. As a result the British Minister of Colonies, Mr. Loxe, announced the position of Great Britain, an action which was followed almost immediately by the Premier of New Zealand and the Japanese Minister of Foreign Affairs, Mr. Morono. These statements all declared there would be no return to Germany of her colonies in Africa, Asia or the Pacific.

The French Government agreed with this attitude, especially regarding Africa. It is generally believed that Great Britain will demand German East Africa as necessary to the completion of the Cape to Cairo railway, and that the Union of South Africa will insist upon the retention of German Southwest Africa, of which its forces made so valiant a conquest. The colonial possessions of Portugal, Belgium and France will be shifted to make each more homogeneous and to rectify border lines.

The chief interest of the United States as well as of Japan in former German possessions is in Kia-Chow, China, and the captured Pacific Islands, Savaii and Upolu, the German islands of the Samoan group, were taken early in the war by New Zealand. About the same time the Marshall, Caroline and Ladrones islands were occupied by the Japanese, and German New Guinea and adjacent islands by Australia. The captured Samoan Islands are neighboring islands of the Samoan Tutuila and Manua belonging to the United States. The New Guinea group is east and the Marshall north of the Samoan Islands. Our little island of Guam lies between the Carolines and Ladrones, and both of these groups are a comparatively short distance east of the Philippines.

The British position as defined by the Minister of Colonies is "Let no man think these colonies will ever return to German rule." Premier Massey of New Zealand said New Zealand "holds Samoa and means to retain it." He also said that Australians feel the same way as to the enemy islands they have occupied. While Japan has not defined her position regarding Kia-Chow, she has declared her intention of holding her conquests in the Pacific. For the protection of our interests in the Philippines and other Pacific Islands it is evidently imperative that the Government shall declare its policy regarding these captured Far Eastern possessions.

From everything we hear, we judge that Prussia has failed to make American organized labor entirely safe from autocracy.

Don't hide behind an unknown high-brow—Joe Cassidy to Tommy.

Did Joe have in mind the McManus or the Honorable Peter J. Dooling?

General FRESHING knew that he was talking with an old time, seasoned, trustworthy, noncommittal officer, "the backbone of the army," when a sergeant he interrogated complained that his company mess got no vegetables in France, "only potatoes, onions, tomatoes and beans." That kind of sergeant would think he was not doing his duty by his men, his commanding officer, his country, if he failed to register a bit of complaint when opportunity offered. His commanding officer would think so too. "All right with the mess!" asked a Captain of a typical sergeant on a transport. "No, sir." "What's wrong?" the officer asked. "The Captain sampled the coffee, sir. It called for a good brew, sergeant. It's the same as the officers' mess drink." "It may suit officers, sir, but enlisted men want grounds in their coffee; something to chew on, sir." That kind of sergeant ought a recruit on the ears if he hears him grumble about grub, duty, discipline—or his Captain!

Rabbit eared handicaps come to New York—Newspaper headline.

It's all right if they aren't rabbit eared.

We want Dr. ANNA HOWARD SHAW, chairman of the Woman's Committee of the Council of National Defense, to understand that our hat is off to her. Through the hoarse roarings of food advice come the calm words of this most potent sayer of common sense to prove that all course conservers are not bound by incurable pomposity. Listen to these soothing notes of reassurance sung by Dr. ANNA:

"In urging the conservation of food we want it understood that we are urging those to do so who are able to follow the advice. We do not mean the woman who has but one course for dinner when we say 'do away with one course.' Advice has perhaps been too wholesale."

Wholesale! With what admirable, what amazing reserve the learned doctor speaks! Wholesale! Advice has been too garrulous, too blustering, too windy. Excellent Dr. ANNA! It must have been her words which subdued the heat wave.

British take St. Julien—Headline.

Rather little tittle for Tommy in the field. Better stick to his tuppenny blither, or 'arf-n'-arf.

If just one hotel keeper would put through the project of giving less food for more money without accompanying it with offensive slush about patriotic purposes, it would relieve the tension on the public a little.

Chaufeur KIBERNY is all right, but the Russian machine needs new steering gear.

A DREAM OF JOAN.

The Dreamer Associates It With the Revolution in Russia.

To THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: An article concerning the visions of Joan of Arc prompts me to record this personal experience.

On March 10 of this year, five days previous to the Russian revolution, I retired and soon fell asleep. In my dream I saw that night a beautiful young woman kneeling on a dark cloud, and surrounded by a brilliant white light. Under the influence of this light I felt strangely elated; and on the earth, underneath the vision, I saw a great gathering of people, mostly soldiers. As I looked on this scene I spoke to the woman, whom I readily identified as Joan of Arc, saying, "Ah! I see now; you have won your cause." I tried to say more but the vision and dream vanished.

The woman wore a dark brown habit. She was on her knees and her face was turned upward in an attitude of rapt attention.

I wondered at this dream even more when the Sunday morning papers of March 11 carried reports of a woman in France being moved by a spirit, apparently.

On the evening of March 12 I was really impressed to write to a certain Government official explaining or recording the experience, with a view, perhaps, of having a hearing given to the new Joan of Arc, as I now believed this dream portended something of great moment.

On March 14 and 15 the papers carried the reports of the great Russian revolution and the beauty of the dream was perfect.

The truth of this I can vouch for personally and perhaps prove legally, and I feel it ought to be on record as an evidence that dreams are sometimes prophetic and perhaps closely allied to spiritual vision.

G. W. L.

BUFFALO, AUGUST 4.

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BUFFALO, AUGUST 4.

THE NEW WEAPON.

Ever since the utilization of mysterious waves and wave lengths to send messages by wireless telegraphy Doktor Pfau had felt himself on the road to an immense success.

He was a middle-aged person with a highly specialized education. From his first day at school he had been trained to seize upon the discoveries of those others, the fellows of daring imaginations, and make them his own. So when the great war began he had laid aside his routine tasks to take up the wireless idea, which had been poking around in the back of his large, close cropped head.

After three years of the war he was certain he had come upon the secret. It was possible, he could at least assert, to transmit thought and emotions with a wireless purpose. Of the transmitting medium he knew almost nothing; it might be the same sort of waves that carried the wireless messages. What he did know was that by fastening on his head a contrivance somewhat like a telephone receiver in appearance linked with an electric battery of special construction he could give his strong feelings physical effect.

It was as if they became winged and passed invisibly through the still air of the room like arrows, silent and swift and with poisoned heads. The sheet of paper tacked to the opposite wall, which he had been examining in vain, was now covered with some impalpable substance resembling powdered charcoal.

One after another small animals were placed in a cage in one corner—a rabbit, a mouse, a squirrel. Doktor Pfau seated himself in the next room, which he had divided from the cage by a thick partition. His apparatus functioned silently. After twenty minutes the assistant would come to the door with a noiseless look of triumph. The subject was dead.

"We have one hate and one alone!" Doktor Pfau would mutter with a smile as he removed the headpiece. He was ready at last to communicate the result of his experiments to one of the offices in the Wilhelmstrasse. How astonished they would be! They who had been able to think of nothing more subtle, more certain, more insidious, more deadly than disease germs and poison.

"A hate exclusive," the head of the bureau exclaimed, laughing. But the tests convinced him. He asked several questions. Did Doktor Pfau know the exact killing power that could be generated? The Doktor admitted he did not. But one thing he could certify to: there was no apparent limit to the radius of action. The fatal effect did not seem to be in any way diminished by distance or by intervening obstacles of any sort. The materials were simple and inexpensive. These machines could be manufactured on a large scale. Every man, woman and child would be able to use them.

Preparations were made on a large scale when the accident happened. Doktor Pfau had admitted that the operation of his device often left him terribly fatigued. The work of ten minutes in his head harness exacted several hours of sleep. Violent headaches frequently followed. For a day or two the eyes gave trouble. Now and then he suffered from momentary hallucinations. But all these things passed, and the objective would have made a heavier price worth paying.

A certain amount of wear and tear, of corrosion, was inevitable. The presence of most of the heads of departments, to make it as impressive as possible the subject of the demonstration was not made known. Rumor had it that a prisoner of war had been silenced. The room buzzed, but a great stilled fell as Doktor Pfau adjourned.

A slight frown knitted his forehead, and as he sat motionless looking at nothing his fists slowly clenched, opened and closed tight again. His eyes were closed. The minutes sped by. Still he did not open them. Twenty minutes, half an hour passed. The door opened suddenly from nowhere, and an exhibiting anxiety or alarm, touched the battery, and then stepping to the scientist removed the headpiece gently. As he did so Doktor Pfau opened his eyes. They gleamed. He sprang at his helper. A dozen men rushed forward.

Some of them, later a committee of mind specialists visited the asylum. On the type of Doktor Pfau's insanity they all agreed. Their report reviewed forms of catatonia, and wound up with illustrations of how the generation of a force may involve the destruction of the generator. "An overstrained, overworked, overexcited, hate must ultimately involve the breaking down of mental processes as well as extreme wastage of tissues," ran a line of the report. Though this was empirical they were unanimous in believing it true.

FOR CONSTITUTIONALISTS.

Is a Minority Authorized to Deprive a Majority of Constitutional Rights?

To THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: It is likely that Senator Underwood has received the once popular mental exercise of approval to the national prohibition resolution in the Senate he gave provocative emphasis to the fact that twelve States of the Union have a total population exceeding 5,000,000 the total population of the other thirty-six States. Therefore a scant majority of a mere minority of the whole people by adopting a constitutional amendment can impose its will upon a great majority of the whole people.

It is so often contended that the Constitution protects the rights of minorities that some may again be tempted to point out that it was designed also to protect the rights of majorities. The Constitution is unconstitutional, inasmuch as it gives authority to deprive States of rights reserved to them by the Constitution.

Novice.

New York, August 4.

Milton's Busy Day.

From the Richmond Times-Dispatch.

Milton White, colored, pretty near monopolized the entire blither at Second place in the 100-yard race at the J. M. J. and the following charges are booked opposite his name along down the blotter: Bringing more than a quart of ardent spirits into the State; carrying a dangerous weapon; stealing \$4 in currency from John Henderson; assault and battery on the person of his wife, Kate; contempt of court; carrying concealed weapons.

G. W. L.

BUFFALO, AUGUST 4.

A MAINE RHAPSODY.

Containing Reflections on Men, Women, Love, Happiness and Marriage.

To THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: Many wrong impressions about woman suffrage are abroad which are gained from newspapers and from propaganda spread by those who are prejudiced.

Ordinarily men wish the women to have everything they really want, but personally I do not believe that those women who desire "equal rights," if they obtain their right to vote, will be one whit happier. A woman of discernment once told me that the majority of those women are either unmarried or are not happily married, in her opinion. I have no statistics to prove or disprove this assertion, but I do believe that there are by far too many bachelors of both sexes in this country, which causes a great deal of the present unrest.

We all wish to be happy and one is not really living unless he is happy, and the highest form of happiness is that obtained in a happy marriage. Singleness is against nature. Is the world to-day a comedy of errors? Isn't there something wrong with society when there are so many professional or confirmed bachelors? If woman suffrage will solve the problem we should all wish the women "Godspeed to the heights."

But love is the real remedy, the great sweetener of the mind and the body; it produces harmony, equilibrium and health, and is the greatest thing in the world. The mere routine pleasures of social life blast and destroy a large number of the best minds and the most colorful and beautiful surroundings of love—love—or else one is out of the picture. Therein lies the kernel of the truth, the blossom of the clove. So let us concentrate on that point—and mental concentration brings unexpected inspirations. No matter how set a bachelor may be in his ways he still dreams and has at times radiant visions in his lonely life which he will find blissful hopes and glowing aspirations.

Yes, the greatest pleasure of life is love, and in the heart of who truly loves is a paradise on earth and he has God in himself, for love is God. We are shaped and fashioned by what we love, and love is really never lost, for if it is not reciprocated it flows back and softens the heart. Wedding bells still chime the joyous music in the happiest hour of a woman's life, and its music sets the brain whirling, the heart attemping and the feet going.

We have been too abundantly interested in ourselves, in our own little affairs of income, our self-indulgence, in our unprincipled desire to be entertained, too busy perhaps to get about trying to peep into another's soul because the lamp of our own soul has ceased to shine. We need the love quality to sweeten life as honey locust sweetens the summer air. The stimulating influence of altruism, of finding all joyous life by developing joy in others, recalls the Biblical injunction, which if lived even wedded happiness. A man's life can rise no higher than his aspirations.

A man loved by a good woman carries with him a talisman that renders him well nigh invulnerable, and he then has a much higher value than his less fortunate brother. GEORGE S. BROWN.

LAKESIDE, ME., AUGUST 3.

When Sunday Isn't Sunday.

[Communicated and published without assumption of responsibility.]

Upon each Sunday morning, be the weather fine or wet, I'm up and out quite early, my newspaper in hand, to get the news.

I don't wait for the newsmen, delivering so slow.

But to his store, adjacent, impatiently I go.

And though he's busy sorting the papers that he sells, I take my time and read it, and all other papers shun.

For Sunday isn't Sunday without THE SUNDAY SUN!

I like my news served crisp, the most important first.